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The Famous
TRAGEDY
OF
K. Charles I.

BASELY

Butchered by those who are,

*Omne nefas prout patere pudoris inanes
Crudeles, violenti, Importunus tyranni
Mendaces, falsi, perversi, perfidiosi,
Fædissimi, falsis verbis infunda loquentes.*

In which is Included,

The several Combinations and Machinations that brought that Incomparable Prince to the Block, the overtures hapning at the Famous Siege of Colchester, the Tragical Falls of Sir Charles Lucas and Sir Geor. Lisle: The just reward of the Leveller Rainsborough, Hamilton and Bailies Treacheries, in delivering the late Scottish Army into the Hands of Cromwell, and the Design the Rebels have to Destroy the Royal Posterity.

London, Reprinted and Sold by J. Baker, at the Black-
Boy in Pater-Noster-Row, 1709. Price 4d,

To the Author on his Tragedy.

With a fowre Aspect, and a Critick Eye,
I have Perus'd thy well writ Tragedy;
My raviſht Soul, grew Sicker then the Age
When as I haſtned, to the latter Page:
Wrapt in a ſweet Amazement ſuch a one
As dreaming Men, ſometimes, do think upon,
Who when they wake, are wroth and vexed fore,
They of that ſweet Deluſion taſte no more.
I wiſh thy Play had been more largely writ,
Or I had ne'er ſeen or Peruſed it.
In which *Apollo*, and the Three times Three,
Sweet *Theſpian* Ladies, chaunt (though dolefully)
Such ſtately layes, that Famous *Sophocles*
Would write his Plays anew, ſaw he but theſe:
Melpomene, girt in a purple Robe,
Her Hand in Heaven, her Foot upon Earths Globe
Is taught by thee, to chaunt forth Tragick Notes
Such as to Damn the Rebels and their Votes.
He that can Read thy Play, and yet forbear
For his late Murthered Lord, to ſhed a Tear,
Hath an Heart fram'd of *Adamant* and may
Paſs for an *Atheiſt* the Reformed way.
But to conclude, thy raptures I admire
As thoſe are Sung, even to *Apollo's* Lyre.



E. D.

The

THE
PROLOGUE
To the GENTRY.

THOUGH *Johnson, Shakspeare, Goffe and Davenant*,
Brave *Sucklin, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shurley* want
The Life of Action, and their learned Lines
Are loathed, by the Monsters of the Times;
Yet your refined Souls, can Penetrate
Their depth of Merit, and excuse their Fate:
With this position, those rude Elves that dare
Gainst all Divine, and humane Laws, make War;
Who count it treble Glory, to transgress
Perfect in nothing. but imperfectness.
Can find no better Engine to advance
Their Thrones, then Vile, and Beastly Ignorance:
Their Bloody *Mirmidons*, o' th' Table round,
Project to raise, our Theaters to the Ground:
No marvel they lap Blood, as Milk and Glory,
To be Recorded Villains, upon Story. (stay
"For having Kill'd their King, where will they
"That thorough God and Majesty, make way,
"Throwing the Nobles, and the Gentry down
"Levelling all distinctions to the Crown.
So that (which Heaven forbid) should they reduce
Our *English* World, to their confused Use;
'Twill be admir'd, more then a Prodegee,
To hear an Herald, state a Prodegy,
An 'twill be thought a sharp and bitter Blur
To salute any, by the Title (Sir.)

We

We here present you, his deplored Fall,
 Whose Death will prove a Ruin general;
 (If Fates forbid not) and we hold to view (true
 What the World knows, is not more strange the
 Anotomizing Treason, damning them
 Who Murther'd *Charles*, to share His Diadem,
 And to preserve their Souls in Flesh whose ends
 Unto the Ruin, of all *Europe* tends:
 But *Jove's* all Potent Thunder shall divide
 Their Plots, and sink them, in their height of Pride

Exit.

The PERSONS.

Fairfax.
Ireton.
Rainsborough.
Peters.
Bosvil.
Cromwell.
Pride.

Sir { *Charles Lucas.*
George Lisle.
Blackburne.
Capell.
 Lord { *Goring.*

Treason, Ambition,
 Lust, Perjury, Sacri-
 ledge, Revenge, Par-
 liament-men Mefs-
 engers *Mrs. Lambert.*

Soldiers. }
 Servants } *Mutes.*

The

THE
 TRAGEDY
 OF
 KING Charles the First.

ACT I.

Enter Hugh Peters and Oliver Cromwel.

Cromwell.

MY fine Facetious Devil, who wear'st the Livery of the *Stygian* God, as the White Emblem of thy Innocence: Hast thou prepar'd a Pithy Speech against the Essence and the Power of KINGS? That when to Morrow all my *Mirmidons* do meet upon *Onslow-heath*, like the *Greek* Exorcist, Renowned *Calchas*, when with his Magick Numbers he incouraged great *Alreus* Son, and Marshal *Diomed* to Prosecute their Seige 'gainst *Priam's* Town, by thy insinuating perswasive Art, their Hearts may move, like Reeds, when *Boreas* Breath smites the huge Oakes, that on Mount *Pelion* grow, I know that *Nectar* hangs upon thy Lips, and that the most absurd Syllogisme, or Ear-deceiving Paradox, maintain'd by thee, shall seem Oraculous, more dangerous to question than the Sacred Writ:

Sing then (my *Hugh*) and so thy Numbers sing,
 All those that hear, may jointly curse their King.

Peters. Most valiant and invincible Commander, whose Names as terrible to the Royallists, as e're was *Humades* to the *Turks*, or *Talbet* to the *French*; thy Nose, like a bright Beacon, sparkling still (the *Aetna*, that doth Fame our *English* World) hangs like a Comet o're thy dreadful Face, denouncing Death and Vengeance; the Antients Farn'd *Alcides* for his Acts, thou hast not Slain, but Tane the Kingly *Lyon*, and like great *Tamberlain* with his *Bajazet*, canst render him within an Iron Cage a spectacle of Mirth, when e're thou pleasest. Had the Snake-footed, Earth-born Sons of Old but had thy aid, *Imponere pelion ossa*, Old *Saturne* might have laugh'd to see his Son sit sadly by him in the Cimerian Shades, while thou didst sway the Empire of the Skies; *Englands* best Patriot, and my Noble a Sermon (such as *Ignatius Loyalla* himself, where he to Morrow to supply my place, for dangerous, Doctrine, direful Use and dreadful Application, would glory to Name his) I have provided such an one,

As shall confirm our Faction ten times more

Then all that they have known, or heard before:

In it I'll prove Kings (*ab origine*) have been the Peoples plague, given them by the Angry God's in Wrath, the meer Exuberance of their Crimes, the Sordid Vulgar being delighted much to Honour, those dull Images which themselves Erect, and dread those Anticks which themselves

selves depaint, themselves affording both the Horns and Nails which make them either dangerous or Ugly, I will assert, that Regal Power is Devilish, and inconsistent with the Peoples Freedom: I will make it good, the Tyrant now in hold, (whom some yet call, *their Lord King CHARLES*) doth Merit violent Death, as Guilty of the many Thousand Horrors committed in the late most bitter War, I will demonstratively —

Crom. Enough, Enough, (my dearest *Hugh*) thou art my better *Genius*, thy Advice, I will rely on with more sure respect then on a Sybills Words, or *Delphian* Oracle, drink the *Elixir* of that precious Metal 'tis Sovereign 'gainst that Perilous Disease, call'd. [*he gives him Gold*] *Speaking Truth*, 'twill prove an Animation to thy Mind, for to proceed in thy Audacious Practise (I mean, against the King and 's House of Peers) thou'lt find it a most precious Antitode against the Poyson, wa-vering Fame shall spit, and to conclude, a perfect Supplement of all defects that Time, or Fate shall by harsh Doom appoint,

But what will please thee best (my dearest *Hugh*)

'T will purvey for thee, Wine and Wenches too.

Peters. Sir, you are pleased to make my Faults your Mirth, I do confess the Luscious Paphian Sin, hath ever vanquish'd all my Virtuous Powers, the Cyprian Queen (in full aspect of *Mars*) being predominant solely at my Birth, besides the Constitution of my Body made up of moisture and venerable Humours, though some great Ladies say, (*lean Men do best*) may help for to extenuate my Crime of being too often prov'd beneath the Navel. But Noble Sir, this Colloque is too poor, if we consider our most high resolves, our Language should be like those Laws we mean to give, awful and to be wonder'd at by Mortals, *Sable-brow'd Saturne*, and Blood-thirsty *Mars* must seem sole Rectors over us Abroad, though *Venus* and her soft Son the sightless Boy, challenge our utmost Faculties in private.

Crom. Thou art that Load-stone, which shall draw my Sense to any part of Policy in the Machiavilian World, we two (like *Mahomet* and his pliant *Monk*) will Frame an *English Alcoran*, which shall be written with the self same Pencil, great *Draco* grav'd his Laws, but first we must subdue the Testy *Scot*, and send the Beggars Home as lousie, though not so propt with Limbs, or so well shap'd as when they chose the Politique *Hamilton* to be their General: Mean time if those auspicious Stars of Sin, whose Influence hath prosper'd Treason hitherto, shall still continue Gracious to our Villany, *Tom Fairfax* may take the Town of *Colchester*, and force that stubborn Truly-valiant Heroes (for in my Thoughts I do esteem them so) who have tane shelter in that Ancient City at least for to comply on remiss Terms; my next Work then is, to New-mould our Army, and give a strong Purgation to those Punies who act for me, and may be called my *Parliament*, whose great work yet remainsto do (my *Hugh*) *the King shall die*, and they shall Father the most damned Act upon the Power of *Justice*; that done, all Earls and Lords shall down for to make way for me and those I favour.

Then thee and I, and those whom we create

Will Reign like Princes, and the Lords of Fate.

Pet. I knew before the scope of your intents, and do applaud them as magnanimous, and the sole way left to preserve our lives; in order unto which your dear design, it shall be my task, both at Prefs and Pulpit, to render Kingly Government obnoxious and incompatible with the Peoples Rights; to prove the imprisoned King a truculent Tyrant whose blood alone can expiate Heavens wrath, and purchase an attonement

ment with the Deities; expect me all I may (renown'd Sir) for promulgation of our well-fixt Cause, from which no fear of pain, or hope of profit shall be of force to draw me.

For he that dares attempt, and goes not on,

Doth leap for safety into *Phlegeton*.

Crom. Our conference here must end, some three days hence I march towards the old North to meet the Bannock feeding the fiery *Scots*: They have (I heard) already worsted *Lambert*, and puff'd up with the pride of victory come on like Lyons, flush'd in humane gore, I shall not need to pray your readiness.

Pet. Command me as your Creature; Sir, you were pleased to impose a task upon me (which by the Aid of some one amongst the Nine, I know not which to thank for the good turn) I have performed, after a tedious pumping: The *Theam* you gave me, Sir, you know was this,

The Peoples rights transcends the power of Kings.

Sir, I have done my best to justify your learned Axiome in this Scrawl.

[gives him a Paper.

Crom. Your love to my requests makes your performance of them swift and punctual by the great *Genius* of this Land (o're which I hope to Reign) I had forgot what late I urg'd you to, this shall oblige my love ——— What's here I am an ill Verse-fier or Verse-maker, (what do you call your Trimeter-men?) and none but those have sipp'd of *Helicon* (I've heard) can grace a Verse i'th' reading it

[gives the Scrawl
back to Peters.

——— pray sing them your self.

Pet. How Sir? sing them!

Crom. Sing them, or say them, all's one; think not I take you for a Ballet-Poet, but I want terms of Art.

Pet. At your pleasure Sir.

[Peters reads.

Even till this Age People durst not see
The pride of Pomp in formal Tyranny,
The People who raise Kings unto the Crown
Are ladders, standing still, to let them down.

Crom. The Peoples backs is the worst pair of Stairs a Man can possibly adventure upon they are strong, but slippery, firm, but false: You are an excellent Similist (my *Hugh*) 'tis an apt comparison to similize the People to a Ladder; but I pray Heaven thee and I have not ascended so high upon this tall Ladder, that we shall never have an opportunity to descend without breaking our necks.

Pet. I beseech you Sir, either hear me, without paraphrasing, or command me to read no more ———

Crom. Nay, now I see thou art a pettish Poet; read on, I'll be as silent as a Statue ———

Pet. Abolish these false Oracles of might,

'Cause we were once blind, shall we now hate light?

Why, like the Wood that yeilds helves to the Ax

Should we upon our selves lay heavy tax,

Setting up Kings our freedom to confound

With our own strength, exhausting our own ground?

Crom. So, so, enough of this, I'll hear the rest in private, let it suffice (dear *Hugh*) that I accept your Verses with all love, and do assign you if (*Apollo* please) a Grove of Bay to shade your learned skull from his all-peircing Beams; Wing'd-Time hath sent one of his Sons to warn me hasten hence; my fate moves swift, and I must move with it (my *Hugh*) Farewel, fail not to offer up the strict Orisons unto our swarthy if now I prove victorious:

A King

A King and Kingdom is my valour's prize,
By both their runnes, I intend to rise.

manet Peters.

[Exit Cromwell.]

Pet. This Fellow (sure) was born (as the III. *Richard*, who once rul'd this Land) with his mouth full of Teeth, Nature hath given him an Iron Soul, able and active limbs, a politique brain, which is indeed a store-house of politique stratagems, as if she meant him for the fall and ruin of all Mankind, his stout Confederates work their ends amain, but he outworks 'em all, the very Mine they 've plac'd for to blow up their pious Sovereign, shall countermine by Him ruin to themselves, and I Sail with them to the invisible Land (my *Hugh*) the *King must die*, those were his words: O sad and fatal Project! when they have serv'd their utmost ends upon Him, and on their knees took Oaths to reinstate Him, must a black Coffin be his Throne, and a cold Vault his garnished Pavillion? Let the fam'd Villains of all former times have their dire deeds razed out of Fames black Book as trivial accidents and neglected dreams, that these may take up all the room on Record for the most glorious Miscreants e're Rebell'd; but what strange fancy lurks within my brain, which makes me tax their ways with whom I act, whose deeds I do applaud as meritorious, deserving honour, and the best repute? what vile sinister fate governs my Life? I loath the ills I do, yet hugg them next my Heart. Pardon great *Jove* and my most gracious Prince, whose Vertues do deprive thee of a being; I must go on, though *Oreus* yaun upon me, and *Demogorgon* (with his damn'd crew) dictates in person what I Preach or Write. *Cromwell* I come with a disguised face, with as reserv'd a cunning as that *Greek* that brought in *Pallas's* Horse to half-raisd *Troy*; thy craft I will repell with double care, resting as jealous as I lay purdue behind a potent Foe; thy guilt is great, so mine and all of us; 'tis policy that must protect my life, and place me a degree above you all.

For he that will the Devils Master be,
Must have a mind, mischievous than he.

Exit.

The end of the First Act.

ACT II.

Enter Fairfax, Ireton, Rainsborow, in Arms, Drums beating, Colours flying with Soldiers as before the Town of COLCHESTER.

Fairfax. Thus having tam'd our Enemies in *Kent*, quieted *Cornwal*, and secured *Devonshire*; what now remains but with accustomed courage to take in this strong Town of *Colchester*? Within whose Walls do lodge divers of note, who are profess'd and open Enemies unto the State we serve.

Ireton. The fate was just, that with delusive hopes hath led them to a receptical of ruin, from whence they cannot budge without our knowledge.

Rainsborow. They're taken in our Toyles, and must not scape with Life quickly let us draw out our Line, and raise our Batteries, girting the Town with a close Seige, and let the Cannons dreadful voice proclaim to them their certain ruin.

Fairf. First let us Summon them to yeild on Terms; if they prove so Fool hardy as to refuse, then let our Iron-ball in smoak and sulphur sing

a sad

a sad *Requiem* in their fearful ears, found loud the summons, that the
Foe may hear we wish a Parlee. [*A Parlee sounded.*]

*Sir Charles Lucas, Sir George Lisle, Lord Capell,
Lord Goring, &c. appears as upon the Walls.*

Sir Charles. Who gives this hasty Summons ?

Fairfax. Know Sir, the General and the Army rais'd for the preservation of the State of England, for to support and vindicate their Privileges ; in their Names doth demand, that you yeild up your selves, and all are under your Command, together with this Town unto their use.

Sir Charles. Traytor to God, and to thy gracious Prince (for whom I hold this City) chosen thereto by the *Effeminate* ; know, I and these my loyal valiant Cohorts will hold this Town while twenty do survive, and rather then yeild up the Town to you we'll blow our selves (with it) into the Air.

Fairf. Thou and thy traytorous Associates shall find, this Town harbours such Men as dare meet theeingyrt with all thy Mirmydons, one to a hundred, and a hundred to a thousand ; Fortune hath favour'd thee I do confess (thou hast triumph'd, thou bloody *Marius*, and shalt descend unto Hells shades like him) but that proves not the justness of thy cause :

For, by the same rule *Ottoman* may boast,

The partial Deities favour him the most.

Rainsborow. By that God whom I serve thou traytor *Lisle*, I'll see thee hewen in pieces, and thy curst body thrown unto the Dogs.

Sir George. A vaunt thou hom-bred Mungrel, who art (intruth) meerly a valiant Voice, an hollow Cask in which some rumbling with delights to sport it self ; *Thersites* thus, durst menace *Agamemnon*, Know Fellow, I have been victorious even against a multitude, have trod the thorny path of cragged War, my Body naked, and my Feet unshod have view'd those horrors of a purple field untroubld and untouch'd, which but to hear summ'd up would fright thy Coward-Soul, from forth her dirty Dog hole.

Rainsborow. Why spend we time in Dialogue with these Miscreants these cautiſt Elves, who fight for Yoaks and Fetters, with as much zeal as half starv'd Wretches beg a boon to ſate their hungers and wish profusely to spend their bloods to please a Tyrants lust.

Lord Capell. Away mechanick Slave, what saucy Devil prompts thee so to prate, when the meanest here thou ought'st to stoop with all obsequious Duty ? Thou sordid Groom, whom of a Skippers-Boy, the *Westminsterian* Rebels made thee their Admiral, whom even the dullest Sea-men so despis'd, they scorn'd to hale an Anchor at thy bidding, and at last (tir'd with thy loathed Company) intending to have fowz'd thee in the deep (mov'd with thy trickling Tears and Pitious plaints) set thee on shore to Foot it back to *Westminster* ; how dares thy perjur'd Tongue to challenge us, serving our dread Lord, His Sacred Majesty, Him whom all *Europe* wonders at, as the best of all the Christian Kings, who for his discreet valour Rivals *Scipio*, for prudence *Solomon*, for temperance without Parallel, as are his Sufferings, and griping Grievs by you (base Traytors) each day heap'd upon Him, having immur'd His Royal Person up in a strong Den, fit for untamed Lions, banish'd his Loyal Imperial Lady, and with Her the Two Eldest of his Issue, bereav'd Him of his Navy and Revenue, and what e're truth called His, know perjur'd Rebels, ere this Summer end, (perhaps e're *Sol* doth hunt the Nemean Lion) we shall have strong relief, you a just Punishment, if not,

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Our

Our comfort is, though we be left i' th' lurch,
We Martyrs fall, for God, the King and Church.

Ireton. You'll not accept then of our proffer'd Summons, or come to composition.

Lord Goring. Compound! Confound we may (perhaps) some Thousands of you.

Sir Charles. I am resolv'd ye Traytors, and so I know are my Honour'd Friends, which is the Sense of all within the Town, to hold this place even to the utmost hazard; nor are we destitute of much Provision, enough for to supply us many Months; when that fails, we have Horses many Hundreds, of Dogs and Cats even a Multitude: *Zeno* and *Chrysippus*, the two main Pillars of the Stoick Sect, pronounce such Meats as useful to Mankind, as the best Sheep or neat; the Antient Almains held the self-same Doctrine. We'll be their Imitators, and that you may know 'tis our resolution, forsake your Station, e're we leave the Walls, or the hot Breath, that lightens from an Angry Cannons Throat, shall try to wast you hence, away, away we'll meet you in plain Field.

Thou true *Jehovah*, now own thine own Cause;

Thou know'st we Fight for thee, our King and Laws.

Fair. Draw up our Troops. we'll make these Boasters feel,

The potent Rigour of our strong Edge Steel.

Alarum excursions, a shout within and crying.

Open the Gates, On, on, on,

[*Fair. cum suis*
Exit.

Enter *Sir Charles Lucas*, *Sir George Lisle* and *Lord Capel*, their Party; at the other Door, *Fairfax*, *Ireton*, *Rainsborough*, with their Party, they charge Three to Three, while the Soldiers on both sides Encounter; the *Round heads* are beaten off, a Retreat founded.

Sir Charles. The Power superior to the God of War, hath Grac'd our first Attempt with Victory; the Rebels (with exceeding loss) are Fled; whom the most Valiant *Capel* hath in Pursuit; see how they scut over the Neighbouring Plains, like Flocks of Sheep before an hungry Lion; so for the future, let Almighty *Jove* insatuate their proud Hearts with Panick Fear, who strike at himself in his Vicegerent.

Kings are Earths Gods, and those that Menace them
(Were't in their Power) would share his Diadem.

Alas, deluded self-destroying Men! whose Erring Souls by this winged *Hermes*, hath usher'd unto the depth of *Barathrum*, in blew Flames for evermore to howl, Cursing your selves for your Impieties! Oh Erring Vulgar! Oh besotted People, that take such pains to become Miserable, who (with the Phrygian Fabulators Dog) catch at vain Shadows, and lose the substance: So the *Athenians* Courted Thirty Tyrants to be the Party that should gall their Heart-strings; and the fond *Syracusians* laboured sore to have the *Dionisi* be their Consults: Was ever any Nation blest'd with so good a Prince (as *Charles* our King) that so opprobriously deserted him? Succeeding Ages cannot chuse but say

Nations have suffer'd cause their Kings were Ill,

But *Britains Charles*, his Peoples Sins did Kill.

But let it hap as God shall appoint, if it be written in the Book of Fate, the Rebels shall dissolve the *English* Monarchy, with the Life blood of their most Gracious Prince, yet let us hinder that dire Ominous Day, (while we have Being with our utmost Might, and e're we Fall and be Commixt with new and stranger Earth, by hard Achievements and He-

roid

roist Acts (perform'd for *Charles*, and for our Countries sake) let us provide us Fame when We are Dead, that the next Age, when they shall Read the Story of this Unnatural, Uncivil War; and amongst a Crowd of Warriors find our Names Filed with those, that durst pass through all Horrors by Death and Vengeance, for their King and Sovereign.

They may sing Peans to our Valiant Acts,
And yeild us a kind *Plaudit* for our Facts.

Sir George. If we defend this Town against the Rebels Fury but One Month longer, *Hamiltonian* Duke (who now hath passed *Tweed* with a Numerous Army, full Twenty Thousand *Scots*, Ten Thousand *English* Commanded by the Truly-Valiant and invincible Knight, Renowned *Langdale*, we shall have Honourable and sure Relief; mean time by frequent Sallies, we'll endeavour to break in peices *Fairfax* his guilty Forces; the Prince of *Wales* is now upon the *Downs*, and with him most part of the Royal Navy; the *Londoners* speak against the Junto, and every Day are fear'd to rise against them; the Loyal *Welch* continue strong in Arms, and eke in every Angle of the Land the People wish for Action; the Face of things at present, promise fairly:

But should you fail (by force of Destiny)

Our comfort is, we (when we list) can Die.

Sir Charles. I heed not *Hamilton* or his Resolves, knowing him to be Ambitious, Treacherous, a *Proteus* that can shift into all Shapes, a sly Insinuating Sicophant, who by his most Falacious Machinations, hath been the Ruin of the King and Us; 'twas he that Instigated first the King to raise a War against the Covenanters, (yet under Hand Incited them against Him) 'twas he that gave His Majesty Advice to go in Person to the Senate-house, there to demand the Five Seditious Members (yet secretly sent them Word of His Intentions) 'twas he (howe're he seemed in show Averse) that when His Majesty scapt to the *Scots*, when *Fairfax* wholly had subdued His Forces, procured the Damned Sallary of his Master, for Twenty Thousand Pounds; and I much fear, 'tis he and only he, that will betray the Army he now leads (know'st thou not *George*) he ever did aspire to be the King of *Scots*.

'Tis he that made *England* all on Flame,
Blasted its Beauty, Burnt its goodly Frame;
And the *Armilla* which his Zeal doth twist,
Is to be *Cataline*, yet a Calvinist.

Sir George. Let him be Damn'd and sink to Hell withal his Sins about him, let us do our Parts, and leave the rest to Heaven (Faith *Sir Charles*) since we have Beat the Foe, while Swarthy *Tom* flies with his Timorous Troops, here let us Frolick one half Hour, *Mars* and *Thalia* sometimes do accord, only a Health or two unto our Royal Master.

Sir Charles. *George*, I am easily led by thy Advice, although it suit not with our present state to play a Barly-break in a *Golgotha*, or Drink down Sorrow 'mongst a heap of Trunks, as liveless as those Clods they lie upon; I prithee do thy pleasure: But, say that *Iretton* (who stands facing us) should in the midst of our intended Mirth, come up and turn our Triumph into Purple Tears, and in our Goblets mix our Sanguine Gore.

Sir George. Why? 'twill be rare, I'd wish no other sport; we Lape-
thites should soon repel those Centaures, the scuffle (sure) would be as
strange and famous, as that wherein all *Ixion's* Horse-hoof'd Race, were
sent to Hell (swift *Nessus* only scaping) who was reserv'd for a more
dreadful Fate, they shall have nought to boast of, (come they hear) but
Iron in their Flesh, and Gun-powder in their Noses.

Sir Charles. Be it as thou dost wish, I'll strive to be as Merry as *Democritus*, and Laugh at War and Damages.

Sir George. You highly Honour us (most Noble Governour) My Fellow Soldiers, have all your Arms in readiness [*Speaking to the Soldiers.* as you were now to Charge the Surly Foe, we will not jest away our Lives, or give the Round-heads Cause to boast a Triumph in their Cathedralized Conventicles; two of you fetch that [*Sends two Soldiers.* Runlet of Old Sherry, that's placed behind the Door of the Town-hall, bring also store of Pots, for we shall use 'em here (as the *Trojans*, when by *Atreus* Sons they were beleaguer'd close for *Hellenus* Rape, *Hector Sarpedon*, *Troilus* and Old *Pryam*, beneath fair *Ilions* Walls (girt in bright Arms) sat Banquering before the Black Hair'd *Greeks*, we'll sit securely and pledge full Crown'd Cups, (perhaps) 'twill Mad the Rebels:

Which if I know, I shall grow Fat with Laughter,
And I will use to drink them down hereafter.

Sir Charles. The same good Fellow (*George*) thou ever wert; see how the Rebels Grin and Gape upon us.

Sir George. They should Participate of our flowing Cups, wou'd they take but the pains to come amongst Us, such as the *Roman Cateline* did provide for those he had drawn into his Confederacy, Wine mixt with Blood (an Horrid Sacrament) by which the Swore to Level *Romes* proud Battlements. So, set it down (my [*The Soldiers return with the Wine.* Friends) and quickly peirce it, and then draw out with as enlarg'd a Mind as Princes give Gratuities—'tis Rich and Lusty Liquor, such as would make *Heraclitus* to Laugh, and Dull *Diogenes* Dance, even in his Tub: Here Noble Governour, this Bowl brimful, unto the Happiness of Him, whom Fame of all the *European* Kings do call the best.

Sir Charles. With as much willingness as one half-spent with a Contagious Fever, receives a Dose he } *All kneel, they drink the health*
hopes may bring him Health, will I } *round while the Chambers are*
solemnize it upon my Knees. } *shot, and Trumpets perpetually sound.*

Sir George. So, this was as well perform'd, about again with 't.

Sir Charles. Once more receive it Soldiers, and that done, let us retire unto our Garrison, believe me (*George*) we play with Lightning too securely; you know I dare as much, as him dares most, but dare not be too confidently Rash.

Sir George. By Heaven (*Sir Charles*) we will not part so tamely, we'll have one Catch e're we forsake the Ground, if you please for to aid me with your Voice, (for't must be Sung in Parts) You (Soldiers) all joyn Voices in the Close, what saith *Sir Charles*.

Sir Charles. You may command my Suffrage (worthy *Lisle*) I know the Song you Fancy; begin——

S O N G.

Sir Geo. Plump cheek'd Bacchus, we to thee
Will yeild all honour as befits,
For sure thou art a Deity
That canst refine the dullest wits,
The liquor of thy Vine
Is precious and di-vine,
It makes even Cowards fight.

Sir Cha. It prompts our tongues to talk,
Though not our feet to walk,
And dictates what to write.

Omnes

Omnes. *Drink then (Boys) and drown all sorrow,
Who knows if we shall drink to morrow ?*

Sir Geo. *Even in the midst of danger
When safety is a stranger
And no hope of relief,
Take a Bowl full of Canary,
We of our woes grow weary,
And cry a fig for grief.*

Sir Cha. *Drink each a hearty draught
Till by thy brains y'are caught,
'Twill quite expel all humours;
Cry God preserve the King,
And shield him with his wing,
And a —— for the Round-heads rumours.*

Omnes. *Drink, &c.*

Sir Geo. Judge you Gentlemen, is not this better then to be always moiling in Sand and Salt Peter, continually imployed in raising Rampires throwing up Sconces, and inventing Stratagems, to foil that Foe who fears to look upon us? Hath not this added to your former Vigour? We must not always fight, lest we become all but one Wound, nor ever ripple, lest the Circæan liquor do Metamorphose us into Swinish shapes; he that's a true Soldier

*Will undertake all Horrors, for his chink;
And no less venture for a Wench and Drink.*

Sir Cha. This doctrine (my Friend *Lisse*) is dangerous, yet too much preach'd and practis'd in all Armies; Soldiers do him their Glory; and detract from their own worth, that Love to drink and drab; he only may be term'd truly Valiant, that can Repulse and vanquish his own Passions; but this Dish I perceive (my Soldiers) is too much stuff'd with Sage, for you to palliate---I wonder Noble *Capel* stays so long, I fear he hath ingag'd himself too far after the Flying Foe; he knows not which way back for to Retreat.

Sir Geo. He's an experienc'd Soldier, and so inur'd unto the several stratagems of War, that 'twere a sin *Mars* would severely plague, but for to doubt his Fortune.

Sir Cha. I would not be too confident, or to careless, Heavens bring him off with safety and with Honour---let's now re-enter our invincible Fort, and there consult for safety; we must expect the Rebels will once more make their Approaches to our Walls (perhaps) with new Supplies, we will prepare a Tempest 'gainst they Storm.

*But if great Jove remember whose we are,
His ponderous Thunder will their Onset Mar.*

The end of the second Act.

Exit.

A C T III.

Enter Cromwell, solus.

Crom. **T**HUS far my policies run smooth and currant, deep Rivers glide as silent as the Night, when shallow Books fall with a troubled noise; wherefore was Man created like the Gods, but that like them he should dispose his Acts to the great dread of some, envy of others, easily

easily deluded the King my Master, I have led on with hopes of Re-establishment so long, that now he doubts my feign'd reality; and a strong Party in the Junto sit, who without me, are now in Treaty with him, but I shall break the Neck of their Design, (perhaps) before they think it, the several Commanders of the Army are now all of my Faction, while *Fairfax* (silly Fool) sits like a Statue, as if he nothing knew, or nothing durst, I have propos'd unto the several Officers to forsake the King, and yeild him up (as one not fit to live) unto the Block; I have inform'd them, (and it takes exceedingly, so forward are the Fools to work my ends, and their own certain Ruin) that the King is a Man of Blood, by no means to be Trusted, being of a rigid and implacable Spirit, hating (even to the Death) all have oppos'd Him, and that should He regain his former Power, he quickly would make use on't to their Ruin, that therefore they should make a Retreat in time, nor yeild their Necks unto a Tyrant's Mercy, that they have declar'd so highly for him, might the more easily (by far) entrap him; nor was it a discredit so to do, since in all Ages such Politick course hath been thought just and safe, they (snared with my words) resolve to do so, for to remove the King by violent Death, and to set up a Military Power; now my Plots work, the Stage grows great with Horror, the *English* Monarchy grows sick to Death, its very Basis hath an Ague-fit which will not cease to shake it, till it be Levell'd to the humble Earth.

Mount, Mount my Thoughts, unite like scatter'd springs,
Tis a strong Torrent that must bear down Kings.

Here I appointed my dear Buffoon *Peters*, and *Enter Peters, Bos-*
Col. Boswill, Pride, and my whole Army to meet *will, Pride, with*
about this hour--See, they come; Welcome dear *Soldiers*.

Friends, you have observ'd your Time: My *Hugh*, how thrives our Counsel in the Army, that our Great General the Lord *Fairfax* guides? I am sure these Gallant Souls serve under me, are all unanimous to shake off Kings, and while the Iron's hot to strike that Blow, which shall for ever free the *English* Nation from Tyrants, and their awful Power.

Pet. Heroick Sir, they all (even as one Man) applaud even to the skies your rare projection, both Officers and Soldiers, Covetous for to Accomplish what's by you propos'd, and as a signal of their Resolutions, see here, the more part of a quaint Remonstrance, which must by us be brought to a Period, wherein we will divulge unto the World, the Reasons and Grounds of our Intents.

Crom. As I would wish, never till now could *England* hope a Happiness; why, how now *Boswill*, Why art thou so sad? The Noble *Pride* stands—like a Man astonish'd, or like a Marble Statue whose Aged Feet are wrapt in Wither'd Moss, what's the matter?

Pride. Nothing (dear Sir) but an excessive Joy which hath surpriz'd my Faculties, and craz'd upon the Organs of my Speech, my Mind is busied about the Kingdoms Fate, my Soul in a deep Conference with my Sense about Mature Affairs.

Bos. The Constitution of my Soul agrees with thine in each degree of Temper, (most honoured *Crom.*) from our late sworn Principles I'll not recide, though Heaven Rain'd down Fire upon me, though Earth yawn'd wide, and Hell gorg'd Balls of Sulphur, the King (that Man of Blood) shall lose his Head, and all his prime Adherents wait on Him unto the other World; the People we will Rule by the Sword's power, their Lives and Goods, (by Conquest) we have gain'd, our sway must be maintain'd by Strength, not Law.

The Sword that cut a passage to our Sphere,
Tis that alone must secure us there.

Crom.

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Crom. Oh let me put thee in my Bosom (*Boswill*) henceforth let us converse more neerly, and like the Zodiacs *gemini* mix our Loves, we'll be a second *Pylades* and *Orestes*, and never part till dearth (*my Hugh*) let's hear some part of that *Remonstrance*, 'twill highly spur us on to Action.

Pet. You shall, the most material Clauses (*Sir*) are these, which take with this *Exordium* I Penn'd late Yesternight; [He Reads]

Absolute power of necessity must subsist and keep above water, though all else be assur'd of drowning, to the loss of all (or at least many) branches of universal Freedom, and therefore the Fox did not conclude amiss when he saw his fellows st ps march towards the Lions Den. Nos vestigia terrent, if we enter into a strict scrutiny, we shall find that our choice and our nature gave us Kings, the dignity conferr'd upon a single Man, was (sure) intended for the good of all, but where one draws from all, can that be pleasing or fortunate? or to leave this one, can that be injury? and therefore in order thereto we declare, That we call King CHARLES to an account, as the prime Promoter, Abettor and sole Occasioner of all the Murders and Outrages, committed this many years, during the war, and bring him to a Tryal for his Life; that with him we will bring to judgment all those of his Party, who (in order to his Arbitrary Commands) have Murthered, Spoil'd and impoverish'd the Free-born People of England—

Crom. Hold, I have heard enough, why this is done to the purpose, and shews all Gallantry did not Die with *Brutus*, and his Confederate Consuls; now Lawrel wreaths commixt with Mirtle branches shall deckt our fortunate Brows as the true Patriots of our native Country, (*we'll give the whole world cause for to remember us*) aside the ensuing Ages when they read our Acts, shall bless our Memory with devout respect, but flying *Phæbus* now hath left our Hemisphere, black Night hath now put on her Ebbon Robe and wrapt the Welkin in a sable shrowd, we must away now towards the frozen North, (*my fellow Soldiers*) we must direct our March to jerk the *Scots* back to their Sedgy Cottages, Malevolent *Saturne*, oh! be thou propitious, prosper thy Agent in his Deeds of Death,

Which are so grim and horrid, full of ire,
Some will suspect, the Devil, was my Sire.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *Fairfax*, *Ireton*, *Rainsborow*, *cum aliis*, as in a Tent, a Table, and Tapers.

Fairf. How goes the Night?

Ire. About the hour of Twelve.

Fairf. Now then, while all the World's involv'd in silence, and Man and Beast takes their Repose and Rest, let us determine about these Captive Heroes, who with this Town of *Colchester* to Morrow, must yeild themselves unto our Mercy.

Rain. Renowned General, under whose Conduct we have been fortunate and Victorious, I need not now recite, since you well know what vast Expence of Blood, of Toil and Treasure, we have been at since we Besieg'd this Town, the Third part of our Army quite Consum'd by the Immured Enemies frequent Sallies, by our unfruitful Onsets, and hard Duty, and how Merciless they have shewn themselves to those (of ours) whom Fortune gave them Prisoners; all which considered, I do give my Vote (and Justice speaks the same) that *Capel*, *Goring*, *Lucas*, and *Stout Lisse*, Die without Mercy, even that very Day which we receive the Town.

Ire. Which is to Morrow.

Fairf.

Fairf. The Law of Arms will not allow of that, they yeild themselves on Quarter, and for the Peers (I mean *Goring* and *Capel*) our Power doth not extend to question them, they must be order'd as our States decree; the antient only Captains of the World, *Hambal*, *Scipio*, and *Tæmístocles* esteem'd it far more Glorious, having Conquer'd their proud Antagonists, to preserve their Lives (given them as their Boon) then to inflict an ugly censure on them: I love an Enemy that is truly Valiant, these have exceeded story in their Acts,

And have repell'd a Siege, such as *Breda*
Never beheld, nor famous *Ravenna*.

Rainsf. Then let them live to be a Terror to us, and once more to engage the Land with Broils, (know Sir) we are not false whilst these subsist; and should your Clement Mind so sway your Sense, as not to take their Lives, who have fought ours, we shall have cause to disesteem your Person and your Power, as him, whose easie Nature and soft Temper is incompatible with our Persons safety, and Honour our Repute.

Since, if by you, Mercy to them is shown,
You seek our Ruin, and project your own.

Fairf. Ha!

Ire. Though in a rough unpolish'd Phrase (he utters Truth) most Noble General, let not his seeming Rudeness raise your Anger, since Time hath taught you he is truly Faithful, no less Magnanimous in active War; Sir, it concerns you neerly not to permit your innate Love to Valour, so grail the Wings of just deserved Fury. you must not tolerate these Men to escape with Life:

For 'twill be thought if you remissly do,
You love their Actions, and Applaud them to.

Fairf. You then are Generals of the Host, not I; but be it as you Counsel, share you betwixt the Brave Spirits of Two that (if *Pithagorus* Transmigration were) would make a *Thersites*, or *Thraso* Valiant, (*Ransborough*) see them shot to Death as Soldiers destin'd by Fortune to a Noble end; some two Hours hence I shall expect to here you say, they are dead

My Soul (I feel) is wondrously perplex'd,

Who knows but mine or your turn may be next? Exit.

Rainsf. He's much distemper'd, sure they have bought his Mercy, how stoutly did he argue to preserve them; with what reluctancy denounce their Doom!

Ireton. An ardent Love to worth and honour moves him (without all doubt) to pity their sad fate, for though Mountains may meet, and generate ere they, and we, enter firm Union, yet we must needs acknowledge they are Men of most approved Valour; but see the cheerful Lady of the light appears in the Horizon deck'd in her saffron Robe, having old *Tithons* chill Embraces, she summons every young and sprightly *Sol*, to wrap her in his Odoriferous Bosom — hark, they shout; What may this portend?

[A shout within.]

Enter a Soldier.

What News doth thy Tongue Labour with?

Sol. The Town of *Colchester* is just now surrendred unto the Generals Hands, the Governour *Sir Charles Lucas*, his Lov'd Associate *Sir George Lisse*, with the Lord *Capel*, Old *Goring*, and a Number more of Gentlemen are cried up as Prisoners.

Rainsf. Be it thy Charge forthwith to certifie *Lucas* and *Lisse*, that they prepare themselves two Hours hence to Travail toward the Empire of the Skies, or to the shades of *Dis*, I mean to Die.

Sol. I shall Sir.

Exit.

Rainsf.

Rainf. Come Commissary, let's go view the Town to cheer our Friends, and doom our scornful Foes.

It glads my Soul, and is the only good
That I delight in, for to spill their Blood.

Exit.

Enter *Sir Cha. Lucas*, and *Sir Geo. Lisle*, as in Prison.

Sir Cha. The Iron Hand of *Jove* lies heavy on us, (Oh *George*) the proud Rebellious Crew prevail, Loyalty sinks with Plumets at his Heels, while curst Rebellion rides on the Sun Beams, justles *Jove* from his Seat, and fathoms Clouds.

Sir Geo. They may thank that invincible Champion, Hunger, had not he help'd, the Town had yet been ours, the woful cries of Women and Children, imploring Bread to stanch their pining Stomacks, their Guts almost congeal'd to Stone within them, their Faces black with Famine, stalking the Streets like (Magick summon'd) Ghosts, together with our own dire need, inforc'd us to surrender to those Rebels, but *Joves* dread vengeance (sure) will seize on them that mought (but would not) have prevented this; degenerate *London*, who hast shaken Hands with thine Allegiance, thy aspiring Fabricks ere long must lie—What speaks thy hast?

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. From the Commanders, Col. *Rainsborow*, and Commissary *Ire*. I have in trust to let you know, some Minuits hence you are to die. *Exit.*

Sir Cha. Oh perjur'd Miscreants! is this your Mercy? this my Prophetick Soul still whisper'd to me; I knew they in our Bloods would bath their Guilt, and sacrifice our Lives to their God Treason, these Victims besit *Molech*, not *Messiah*, whom these professed Saints, but real Devils, seem to make the Umpire of their Deeds.

Angry *Rhamnusia*, though we fall to Dust,
Punish these Traytors, for their Acts Unjust.

Sir Geo. Then 'tis decreed, we must take leave of Day light, and tread the Paths of Immortality.

Jove, art thou just, hast thou reward for those
Who unto pious acts their lives dispose?
And hast thou lost thy vengeance, can it be
That these aspiring *Titans*, scape Scot-free?
Where are thy dire Cyclopean balls, the same
That mudling *Mulciber*, doth in *Lemnos* frame?
'Tis thy Olympick vigour can alone
Ding down these Rebels unto *Phlegeton*.

Enter Three Soldiers Armed.

Ha, what are you?

Sol. Your Executioners.

Sir Cha. You are our welcomest Friends; who is allotted to make his *Exit* first?

1. *Sol.* Your self must lead the Dance of Death.

Sir Cha. Here then I bid fairwel, unto this Stage of Misery, my Life hath been but one continued Scene, woven with perturbations and Anxieties—

But stay, whither must now my fleeting Soul take Wing? Into you Starry Mansion, or Steep *Tartarus*, up to the Milky way, she'll take her flight?

C

Where

Where Souls of Heroes do enjoy their bliss,
Where all Celestial comforts, meet and kiss;
Mankind's Redeemer, Oh *Emanuel*!
Who in Mans shape on Earth were pleas'd to dwell.

Receive my better part — are you prepar'd —

Sol. We are.

Sir-Cha. Charge me then home, I love to chew those Winter-plums, they are those Cordial comforts I accept, as sick Men do great *Gallens* Antidotes; methinks the Earth goes round *Copernicus*; thou didst relate a Truth, that *Tellus* ever hath an Ague Fit; *Sol* wrap thy Glorious Head within a Cloud, or if thou needs wilt view my Destiny, put on a Mask of Blood, Death is but *Somnus* Harbinger, we visit his All-peaceful Monarchy, e're we arrive at Heavens Golden Gates, where such as knock with a Religious Hand, do never miss of Entrance; Let me Embrace thee (*George*) e're I part hence, Thou wilt not [*They Embrace.* long survive me — Shoot, Shoot.

Incomparable *Strafford* (see) I come

To wait on thee in blest *Elizium*.

[*They shoot.*

So, you have done it bravely, you are good Marks-Men, I applaud you for't even in Death — so many Passages are allow'd my Soul, She knows not which to Issue out at, this Fabrick of my Flesh now begins to Totter, like to some City (for it's Peoples Sins) rock'd by the humerous Winds; what a fierce Combate is there now maintain'd betwixt my wounded Heart and mighty *Mors*, who grasps it b'twixt his Hands, squeezing it like a Sponge; so furious *Boreas* smites the Solid Oakes that on Mount *Pelion* grow, making them Nod like unto feeble Reeds, (*George*) thy Hand, my Twins of Light, have lost their wonted Property, Death with his Icy-fingers seals them up: Farewel, Great CHARLES, I Die thy Loyal Servant. *George*, we shall meet some Minuits hence (I doubt not) in a place where all Joys enjoy one Center; the Worlds great Architectresse never saw two of Her Sons Murther'd so Barbarously after fair Quarter promised.

Therefore great *Jove*, if thou lov'st Loyal Breath,
Take vengeance on the Authors of my Death.

Sir Geo. There crack'd the Cords of Life, Oh noble *Lucas*! [*He dies.* let me breathe out my Soul, upon thy Azure Lips: So [*Kisses him.* Brave a compleat Man, no Monsters (these excepted) would have Butcher'd; my turn is next, is it not?

Sol. It is.

Sir Geo. Nor would I purchase Life with one Intreaty, this Object so inflames me, I am grown weary of this Fleishly Weed, and fain would put it off, exchanging it for an Immortal Robe, Invelliped with Carbuncles, and Saphires — I, but to have our Lives bereft by a sharp violent Death, to Sleep in a thin shroud, involv'd in feigned Earth, our Nerves and Arteries shrunk up like sing'd Lute-strings, or the wither'd Wreath of some Fam'd Heroe, made away in the dark for to converse with Worms; and half form'd Creatures, such as the slime of Seven-Headed *Nile*, produceth by the aid of *Phæbus* Beams: — Oh! there's a Contemplation that would stagger the most resolved Spirit, but Destiny must be Obey'd, Death is still Death, though diversly inflicted: To have ones Throat sluc'd with a Golden Knife; or to be thrust through with a Silver Sword, mitigates not the Wound, more than the sufferance, But Oh ye vengeful Furies of dark Hell! ye Three-fell Sisters of steep *Erebus*, awful *Aëno*, all ye dreadful Hags ominous to Mortals, forsake your Black Cimerian Cells, and with your steely Whips ascend the Earth

Earth, Lash, Lash Traytors to despair and Obliquy ; let Strife, Contention, Fraud, Guile and deep horror seize on great *Charles* his Foes, severing their strength, and frustrating their Hopes till they sink lower, underneath their Treasons, then Plumets cast into the *Baltick* Sea : Now do your Office, I am prepar'd ; Oh ! you have [*They shoot.* put Balls of Wild fire in my Bowels, I am but all one *Aetna* ; Farewel, base gloomy World, in which deluded Man, ravish'd with Toyes, hunts after Bubbles ; till them he break and vanisheth as he had never been, I sink beneath the burthen of my own weight, would with my Fall, the Machiny of the World might be Unrivetted and shook to pieces, the Air commixt with Earth, the humid with the tumid Element, and active Fire contesting against them both, reducing all to the Original Chaos ; but I contend in vain, the Gods created Man but for their sport, and its fit I should fullfil their Ends, wishing but not prevailing ; I spy the pure Immaculate Soul of *Lucas*, Travailing through the Air to find a residence : Stay gentle Spirit, company is good, when tedious Journeys are prescribed, we'll both fix in one Sphere, when looking down, we will behold and smile.

To see these seeming Saints, but real Friends,
Fall by their devilishly devised Ends.

1. *Sol.* The Traytors both are Dead. [*He dies.*
2. *Sol.* Traytors, those are Traytors, whose most rigorous Doom, we have Obey'd, in Murdering these Brave Men.
3. *Sol.* How's is this? let's seize upon him,
1. *Sol.* Do, and make hast to most assur'd Damnation.
2. *Sol.* I am no longer of your Base Society ; Heaven Par- [*Draws.* don what is past, my future Deeds shall amply expiate my former Crimes, the Blood of Noble *Lucas*, and Brave *Lisse*,
On *Rainsborow's* base Head, I will requite,
And send his Soul unto Eternal Night. *Exit.*
1. *Sol.* Let us remove the Bodies, and make after him.

Exeunt, bearing the Bodies.

The end of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

Enters Peters, with Mrs. Lambert.

Pet. **T**HIS he impos'd as a Command, it hath not been my Practice to
to solícite in Causes of this kind for other Men.

Mrs. Lamb. Too soon you have made Tryal of your skill ; doth your
Grave Habit suit with such Course Employment, Reverend Sir ?

Pet. Faith Mistress, among Friends, the outward Garb ought not to
cause a Nicety : He is my Honoured Patron, took me half frozen from
the Foodful Earth, and warm'd me in his Bosom ; and 'twere a dull In-
gratitude in me not to reward his Bounty with my service : The Ra-
diant Lustre of your Star-like Eyes, makes him to Bow as your Obsequi-
ous Vassal, whom Thousands count it Honour to Obey, so great an In-
fluence hath your excellent Beauty upon his manly Faculties : He's now re-
turn'd, deck'd with Triumphant Wreaths, from chasing the Blew bon-
nets to their Mountains, having taught that stubborn People, his Name
can make the Genius of their Country tremble, the Politick *Hamilton*
is his Prisoner, all Knees bow to him, as Great *Cæsars* Rival ; nothing
doth want for to compleat his Conquest, but your Assent to Love him.

Mrs. Lamb. Why so I do, and all Men else that do retain his Temper.

Pet. Your Love admits of too vast extent, I mean, can you Affect him so, as to admit him to your Bed?

Mrs. Lamb. *St. Winifrid* forbid it; you know (Sir) that I have a Lord and Husband, a Man made up of Magnanimity, whose Love is mixt with an Indulgent Care, should he but doubt of such an Injury, your Master, I my self, and all by him suspected, had better enter a *Phalarian Bull*, or stand the Thunders shock — alas! I dare not.

Pet. These are but Womanish Fears, Incident unto all your Sex; come you must yeild to Love him, how should your Husband know of your Day Banquets, your Nightly Revels, and sweet Paphian sports? He's now in *Lancashire*, Disbanding Troops of Horse; or should some Wayward Fiend, convey the Knowledge of your stoin Embraces unto his Jealous Ear, my Masters Greatness, countermands his Fury, circled within his Arms, should Heaven, Earth, and Hell conspire to wrong you, 'twere sin to doubt a Danger: Consider (Lady) what a potent Friend, what Treasure, Honour, and content you'll gain (if Mundane Glories do Affect you) by yeilding Love to him, whom other Dames of highest Blood and Fortune would sue for such a Favour.

Mrs. Lamb. Although my inward Thoughts do tax my Levity, yet won with your most sugred Eloquence; I here yeild all of mine, Lamb. calls his, unto your Masters Bosom.

Crom. I accept it (Lady) nor shall my most delicious *Parragon* ever have cause { *Enter Cromwell, having been seen to peep through the hangings, during the Colloquie b'twixt Pet. and Mrs. Lambert.*
for to Repent Her Favour, my self, my Sword, all under my Command, the spoils of Nations, all that Earth can boast, shall at thy beck be prov'd for to be summon'd (Popea like) Bath thou thy delicate Body in Asses Milk, commixt with Almond Flower, (with *Cleopatra*) dissolve inestimable precious stones in every Glas or luscious Wine thou drink'st, tread thou on Tyrian silks and Ermips skins, let Art and Nature both, industriously conspire to sate thy lavish Wishes, my Treasure is Inexhaustible; Three Kingdoms (Dear) I grasp thus — in this Palm, their Riches and their Glories all are mine, the Goddess of the World my Patroness *Fortune* hath given all into my Hands; as for the Man (they call the King) he hath not Four and Twenty Hours to Live, I h've hir'd a Dapper Lad, a Neat-Tongu'd (but inexorable Fellow) for Fifteen Hundred Pounds, to ease Him of the Burthen of His Cares (good King) he's fitter far to converse with Saints and Seraphims, than with Erronious and Ambitious Mortals; and 'twere a sin (a grand one) for to deter the Hopes Celestials have for to enjoy His presence) my *Bradshaws* Brains do Brood, and hath discover'd a Line of Law that never yet was talk on, which saith, If Kings do not obey their Subjects, they may chastise them with Imprisonment, Banishment, or Death; with him a Crew (whom I have eke in pay) do sit as Judges to make good this Maxim: My *Bradshaw* is grown Proud of his Great Office, I've order'd him for to be Cloath'd in Purple, all Heads for to stand bare on every Shoulder when the Lord President (for so I have Created him) shall be in presence, his Co-adjutors all have Honour too; and when assembled, have no worse a Title then the *High Court of Justice*: These all are sworn for to fulfill my Ends, and Doom their King to Die; which once perform'd, then I am a Lord alone, though not a King by Title, yet by Power, and thou (my Dearest) shalt share Glories with me, thy Lovely Brows deckt with a Coronet of Ophir Gold, inchas'd with Onix stones; nor do thou dread thy Husbands Anger, his open Violence, or his Clandestine Plots, he.

he is my Vassal meerly at pleasure ; and if I hear he but Repines at our Embraces, I'll spurn his Soul out with my Foot. (*My Hugh*) this Business was well manag'd, thou art a Fluent Orator, when Cyprian *Venus*, and her wing'd Son, waits at thy Elbow, this Service hath oblig'd me more unto thee then all thy former Industries.

Pet. I am your humblest Creature.

Crom. But why (my dearest Mistress) is that Face of yours (which given the Gods gaze at with greedy longing) obscur'd with sullen Mists? What sorrow claims a Superiority o'er your Harmonious Senses? Oh let not Care Plow Furrows in that Forehead! is (now) more smooth than Polish'd Ivory, or the true Turtles Feather; give but your Grief a Name, and if it lie in humane Power to ease you, resolve a speedy and a pleasing Remedy hasts to your Comfort.

Mrs. Lamb. Sir, can you think my Heart is so Obdurate? Or that I can so soon be lost unto a Feminine Temper, as not to cogitate with what hasty Rashness I have extinguish'd *Hymens* Tapers, which (some Hours since) Rivald *Sol's* Beams in Lustre, with what a forward Zeal I have infringing'd my Marriage Vow, and given away that which is none of mine? Oh Heaven!

Pet. 'sfoot Sir, she's fallen into a Relapse; Kiss her Sir, (quickly) or she'll cool so fast, and her Heart freeze into so hard a Lump, not all your future Courtship or activity, shall be of force to melt her to your wishes.

Crom. How stupid am I in these Amorous Arts Dear Mistress! let not Penitential Fancies (the spurious Issues of dull Melancholly) gain the least Power over your Faculties: What can you fear, while I dare be your Friend? Think on the Glories that I late propos'd; all which shall be made yours, with eminent safety.

Mrs. Lamb. I shall endeavour Sir, to bear my self as her that Loves and Honours you.

Crom. Now thou sing'st sweetly, in a far more Melifluous Tone than Quires of *Nightingals*, and that this Temper never may forsake thee, our Time we'll spend in various Delights, such as *Caligula*, where he again on Earth would covet to enjoy; enter ye Six Prime *Westminsterian* Senators,

Musick, strike high, our Spirits to advance,
While we do mingle in an Active Dance.

Enter Six Masquers, Habited for Ambition, Treason, Lust, Revenge, Perjury, Sacrilege, Musick; they Dance with them, joyn *Cromwell* and *Mrs. Lambert*, *Peters* singing out last, they Dance together by themselves.

S O N G.

Let these Joys ever be in prime
Nought but virtue is a crime;
Maugre the wife,
Mean men must rise,
Every Olimpiad of time.
Tast them boldly, terrene pleasures,
Yours is the Earth, and all its Treasures;
Rifle, Plunder,
And keep all under,
Let Murmurers wait your leisures.

Exeunt Masquers.

Crom. This was perform'd as I would wish, now Sweet let's in for to compleat

compleat our Happiness, and tast those Joys which *Jove* himself will Envy, knowing *Agenors* Daughter, or *Calisto*, *Inachian* Io, or his blasted *Semele*, were not indu'd with Beauty so Immenſe as thee (my dearest Happiness)

Set on unto the Chamber of delight,
Do not Dream (*Lambert*) thou art Horn'd to Night.

Exeunt.

Enter Fairf. Ireton, Rainsb. &c.

Fairf. I need not advertiſe you Col. *Rainsborow*, not to be Implacably ſevere, againſt the refractory *Chomly*; or when you are ſate down before that moſt impregnable *Pontefraſſ-Caſtle*, to Storm more oft than fair advantages calls you to Action: *Mars* go along with you, I am for *London* with my Priſoners.

Rainsf. My Lord, your humble Servant, Victory and Triumph ever wait upon you.

Ire. Farewel Noble Col.

[*Exeunt Fairf. and Ire.*

Rainsf. Adieu, ſweet Commiſſary.

Alone, and in all haſte to take my Journey, to ſo Remote an Angle of the Land, there to take charge of thoſe I never ſaw, diſcard their General, and make my ſelf their Leader, this is a ſtrange Injunction, but I muſt do it.

Enter his Servant.

Haſt thou delivered what I gave in charge?

Serv. I have Sir; he will not fail punctually to perform it, and ſent you, the true and exact relation (as neer as he can gather) who were the Prime Promoters (of your unlookt-for) Journey.

Rainsf. Let's to Horſe, I'll Ride Twelve Miles this Night, they ſhall have no Cauſe to blame my Tardineſs, away. *Exit.*

Enter Blackburne (being the Soldier that eſcaped from amongſt the *Fairfaxians*, with an intent to Kill *Rainsborow*, Act 3) with him Three Soldiers, their Piſtols and Swords.

Black. Hiſt, this way the Villain Poſted, only his Man and he together; I hope the Divine Juſtice will not ſuffer him, for to eſcape our Hands; that way, that way. *Exeunt.*

Enter Rainsf. and his Servant.

Rainsf. We have quite loſt the beaten Road—there let our Horſes Graze a while; I feel ſtrange Thoughts fighting about my Heart, either my guilty Fancy did delude me, or I beheld the Ghoſts of *Lucas* and of *Liſſe*, all full of Wounds ſtaring juſt now upon me, there! there! doſt thou ſee nothing?

Serv. Not I Sir; good Sir let us forſake this gloomy Glade, it preſents Horror, and beſides the Night is neer half ſpent.

Rainsf. A Grim, but Supine Terror clogs my Soul; *Morpheus* with's leaden Mace Arreſts my Senſes, I needs muſt Sleep a while [*Lies down*]

Enter Blackburne and his Mates.

Black. Kind Fates, I thank you; this is that cruel Tyger (my Fellows) who contriv'd the much-lamented Deaths of Generous *Lucas*, and of Valiant *Liſſe*.

Rainsf. Ha, who ſent thee hither?

[*He riſes up.*

Black. Thy Sins; I come to Kill thee.

Rainsf. It is no eaſie Task that thou haſt undertaken, I have an Arm as Vigorous as thine; a Piſtol that will lighten e're it Thunders, a Sword too that ne'r yet forſook his Maſter in time of danger. *Black.*

Black. If thou but call to Mind thy Damned Treasons, thy Charnel Plots, and vile Conspiracies, thy Murthers, Rapines, and fell Outrages, a Child of Seven Years Old, may quell thy Force and lead thee Captive in a String; if thou dar'st think thy Numerous Crimes have not barr'd up the Door of Heaven against thee, pray be but speedy in thy Orisons, I have no mind to Kill thy Soul.

Rainsf. Sawcy Slave, think on thy own sad End; and either at my Feet implore Remission of thy Rash Attempt, or thou art Dead.

Black. So brave, have at you Sir.

Serv. This is Honour beyond thought to fall, or to survive my Masters second.

Rainsf. Come on, Sir.

Black. Though thou hast scap'd my scalding Lead, my cooler Steel shall find a Passage to thy Heart.

Rainsf. Thou art not (sure) invulnerable, even *Thetis* Son was Slain by *Phrygian Paris*——but, Oh my guilt Hangs heavy on my Arm! and Impedes the Violence of my Blows——there

Black. Will you not sink, or have you many Souls that take their reign by turns? If it be so, I have so good a Cause, I cannot shrink beneath the Trenchant Blade, till by my single Force I have dismiss'd them all; there Dogge——

Rainsf. Injurious Destinies, have you enrich'd my Fame with many Victories over whole Troops of Men, for to permit my fall in the Catastrophe, by a most despicable Knapfack bearer, who Carves my Flesh as Butchers do their Meat, and bores me till I grow transparent——Oh! my Blood drills like to some prodigious Spout, which Huswives set a tilt to cleanse their Linnen——but shall I fall without Revenge——

Black. Oh! are you measuring out your length in Clay? Ye Twins of Valour, *Lucas* and *Brave Lisse*.

Your heads, up from your earthly pillows rear,
And see your Murderer lie weltering here.

Rainsf. My Spirits faint, my Heart is sick to Death, I hold the panting lump betwixt my Teeth, but 'twill not brook to stay; let all those that have sought their Sovereigns Ruin, look upon me and my deserved Destiny, I would invoke the Powers above, but them I have so much exasperated, they'll stop their Ears to my complaints: Oh! die——

Thou King of flames, let me in Sulphur swim

Near to that Caudron, hold my Patron, *Pim*.

[*He dies.*

Black. Oh! dire and dreadful end, he's gone to his own Home, (the cursed Dungeon) with as much willingness as holy Anchorites surrender their white Souls to Holy Angels, his Body we will throw in yonder Ditch for Beasts and Birds, to Prey on: I have some Wounds, but none (I think) are Mortal. Come fellow Soldier, let us hast to shelter, this Deed when once Divulg'd, will be examin'd strictly——

Beyond the Seas, for safety I will flie,
Till England once more be a Monarchy.

Exeunt.

The end of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

Enter *Crom.* with *Mrs. Lamb.* in their Night Robes.

Crom. *A Pollo* is too hasty in his rise, and emulates my Happiness; had *Jupiter* enjoy'd so rare a Creature as thy self (my dear) in his lascivious

lascivious Arms, he would have charm'd bright *Phæbus* to the East, and have united Day and Night in one, as when he Revell'd twixt *Amphitrios* Sheets; how likes my Love of her new Bed-fellow?

Mrs. Lamb. You are as Valiant Sir, in those soft Skirmishes *Venus* expects in her Pavillion, as in those Deeds of Death, *Mars* doth approve of in his Tent of War.

Enter Peters.

Pet. Good Morrow to the most Renowned *Crom.* and his most Excellent Mistrefs; Sir, I this Morning have receiv'd a Letter directed unto you, I think it comes from Commissary *Ireton*.

Crom. Some News of more than ordinary Consequence if it bare date from him.
[He opens and reads the Letter.

Lieut. General.

THe deed is done, (which either ever makes, or mars us all) the King (according to the Doom of our high Court of Justice) this Morning lost his Head, Thousands of People being Spectators of his Tragedy: His Body we have given to the Duke of Richmond, to be disposed off as he thinks fit; the Vulgar (generally) are much enraged at it, and say (having proceeded so far in our Treasons against him, that we despaired of Pardon to preserve our own Lives, and to make our selves Masters over them) we have Murdered the most Virtuous Prince in Europe at his own Door, but we shall Muzzle the Mouths of that Many-headed Hydra ere it be long; and in the mean time must resolve to keep what we have got by Fraud and Force, by Oppression and Violence; we have Outlawed the Eldest and Second Son of the dead King, and Proclaimed, That if ever they be taken on English Ground, they shall die without Mercy; we are now modelizing the Common-wealth, in the prosecution of which, both Soldiers and Senators, desire your Aid; this I was commanded to certify you; and had I not been commanded, it had been done of his own accord by

Your assured Friend to serve you,
I R E T O N.

Crom. Then now I am above the reach of Fate, prepare (my *Hugh*) though not to be a Bishop, yet to dispose of a whole Diocess; you Lady (the sole Mistrefs of my Hopes) are yet untainted in your Husbands Thoughts, let him again Repose his Horn'd Head betwixt your Delicate Paps, I must with speed to London, whence I will send thee thy Laptul of Gold (my *Danae*) and Jewels Rich and Sparkling, for to Adorn thy only Eminent Beauty; nor shalt be long ere I in Person visit thee.

Mrs. Lamb. Sir, you have Robb'd me both of Honour, and my Heart at once; so strange a Fate doth sway me, that whatsoever you judge to be convenient, I must not contradict.

Crom. Thou art as Wise as Beateous, rest confident of my Fidelity, Farewel Star of the North.

Come (*Hugh*) lets post unto the Famous City,
To sit in Council with the State Committe.

Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Now all is lost to humane Sense,
The King is Murther'd on pretence,
He was a Tyrant, and in Him
Our Laws and Rights to Læthe swim;

Buried

Buried for ever in his Death,
Since they subsisted by his Breath.

1. See here, what would make *Indians* weep,
2. And force the Monsters of the deep;
3. Shed Tears into the Briny main,
4. And after drink them up again;
5. That which forc'd *Sol* to hide his Head
6. Pierc'd into Graves, and wak'd the dead;
7. And that which made the Angels hide
8. Their Faces (deep in Scarlet Dy'd)
9. With their sott Wings, and doth compel
10. The Catholick to turn Infidel,
11. And to believe *Presbyters Johns*,
12. And strictest Solifidians,
13. Are damn'd (even from their Cradle) since
14. They Murther'd so Divine a Prince.

This Body, when possess'd with Life
Was the sole Caufer of the strife,
And Breach (which so our Land hath rent)
Betwixt the King and Parliament;
'Twas he, that by his Hell-bred Plots
Decoy'd the King amongst the *Scots*;
Yet afterward (his own to hold)
Sold Him to Traytors for their Gold;
All this in hopes to win that Crown,
Desire of which, hath brought him down
Unto the Earth, slain (even by them)
From whom he hop'd a Diadem;
His Soul the Furies mean to ply,
With tortures to eternity.

This Body when it us'd to walk,
Knew better how to Drab and Talk,
To wear Gay Cloaths, and Complement,
Then to be wisely Eminent;
For Loyalty unto his King
His folly not, his Faith did bring
Him to the Block. But here lies one,
The Glory of his Nation,
A Man of Valour, Virtue, Wit,
Who Learning Lov'd, and cherish'd it
Without compare; his Charity
Extended unto each degree,
Ages and Sex, (had they no more
But this one Devilish Act in store
Of Murthering him) the Rebels (sure)
Could not, yet eight Year more procure,
To Reign by Blood, by Rapines, Horrors,
Treason, inexplicable Terrors;
But what the Fates allot we must
Submit to, and in them we trust
To see these Monsters fall and Rot,
By God and Virtuous Men forgot.

He discovers behind
the travers the Dead
Body of the King,
also the Bodies of the
Lord CAPEL, Ha-
milton, and Hol-
land.

These 14. Ver-
ses are spoken
wholly in re-
lation to the
Kings Mur-
ther.

[pointing to Hamilton]

[Pointing to Holland.

[pointing to the L. Capel]

... ..

THE
LAW
OFFICE
OF
JAMES
M. HARRIS
AND
ASSOCIATES
P.C.

THE
HALL
OF
FAME

1990-1991

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